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"LET US ALONE" AGAIN.

AMERICAN business protests too much. As reflected in the National Association of Manufacturers, it is in mood for what women call a "real good cry." It wants "a cessation of agitation." It is against "indiscriminate and bullheaded prosecutions of trusts." The paper box and bag industry is "not quite so prosperous as last year," and since "practically all small commercial products are delivered encased to the consumer," this industry is a barometer of trade conditions.

This sounds bad, but is not official. The official report for the fiscal year ended June 30 comes at the same time from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. This shows 270,202 corporations with an aggregate capital of about sixty-eight billion dollars, swearing to a net income that has increased about $235,000,000. While the manufacturers deplore the "depression" in the liquor business, the Commissioner reports a production far in excess of the banner year of 1907. Conditions, as unofficially reported, are getting better in the steel industry. To-day nine Western Governors start on a tour of the East to bring it the message of Western prosperity. So far as trade has its troubles, they arise from too high a level of prices, but this many traders are stubborn to maintain.

Does American business know when it is well off? It deplored "government by denunciation" under Roosevelt, and under Taft it has what it said it wanted—government by law. It professed to fear Canadian reciprocity, and Canada pulled its chestnuts out of the fire. It can give no better reason for its perturbation than the fact that a twenty-year-old law against trusts has been very deliberately interpreted and is now being enforced. Is not America still the most conservative of modern states, the most jealous of property rights? Is wealth anywhere else so lightly taxed? Is industry anywhere else so heavily protected? Is the Socialist anywhere else so negligible?

The real source of these outcries is the exchanges, not the mills—the places where money is "made," not earned. What are they, after all, but eloquent testimonial that no more fortunes are to be taken from railroad rebates, or stock watering, or capitalizing franchises against the community that created them, or capitalizing the values of monopolistic combination?

WHAT IS A LEADING CITIZEN?

WHAT is a "leading citizen"? Job Hedges raises the question, but answers it badly. He fancies that the leading citizen carries a copy of the Penal Code and calls other citizens "liars." Says Mr. Hedges: "The man who has a frock coat, money enough to hire a hall, and persuasion enough to bring people there to hear him talk, straightway becomes a leading citizen."

None of these things makes the type. Not all of our leading citizens know the contents of the Penal Code, and some have learned that ignorance is no excuse. Leading citizens do not call other people liars so often as politicians do, but they seem to mean it, as politicians do not. Mr. Hedges has a frock coat, and so has William M. Ivins, and the two had money enough to hire a hall for a joint debate during the Gaynor campaign and persuasion enough to fill it. But neither Mr. Hedges nor Mr. Ivins is a leading citizen. Both men are too wise.

A leading citizen is a man who does not lead as a citizen. He leads in something else—the bar, the wholesale dry goods trade, the banking fraternity, the Elks or Eagles. If he led as a citizen people would call him a "successful politician." The leading citizen as the term is understood has leisure, a large property stake, a condescending manner, a desire to hold office—and the handicap of imagining that government is a business, when it is a trade. Fusion movements usually nominate leading citizens, who are usually defeated. Tammany never nominates leading citizens, and its candidates mostly win.

The leading citizen has his uses, but they lie in appointive, not elective, office. His memorials, protests and "accelerations" keep elected officials on the gridiron. In appointive office he is not too human to be efficient. He benefits the public in spite of itself, and makes himself cordially hated for his virtues. It must be good for the body politic to be well served and sore about it, since it happens so often.

THE MALICE OF MATTER.

AN empty motor car ran away on a West Shore ferryboat as it neared its slip, broke through the gates, fractured a boy's leg, drowned a man and buried itself in river mud. It was a case of what Victor Hugo called "the revenge of the inanimate," and suggests his account in "Ninety-Three" of the cannons that tore loose in a storm and nearly wrecked a vessel. Car and cannon alike support his assertion that "Matter lives with a sinister life that comes to it from the infinite."

That is what is wrong with the sad sport of joy-riding. Of their own motion men would not break laws and ruin roads and run over people and then run away, whooping with delight while they hang a prudential laprobe over the telltale car number. Speed madness is a phase of matter, not of mind. The motor felon is the motor itself, not its master.

Primitive Greek law recognized the sinfulness of matter and visited punishment on the stick or stone that had taken life. Why not follow suit and confiscate to the State Highway Commission, for use in hauling road material, every automobile through which injury has come to men?

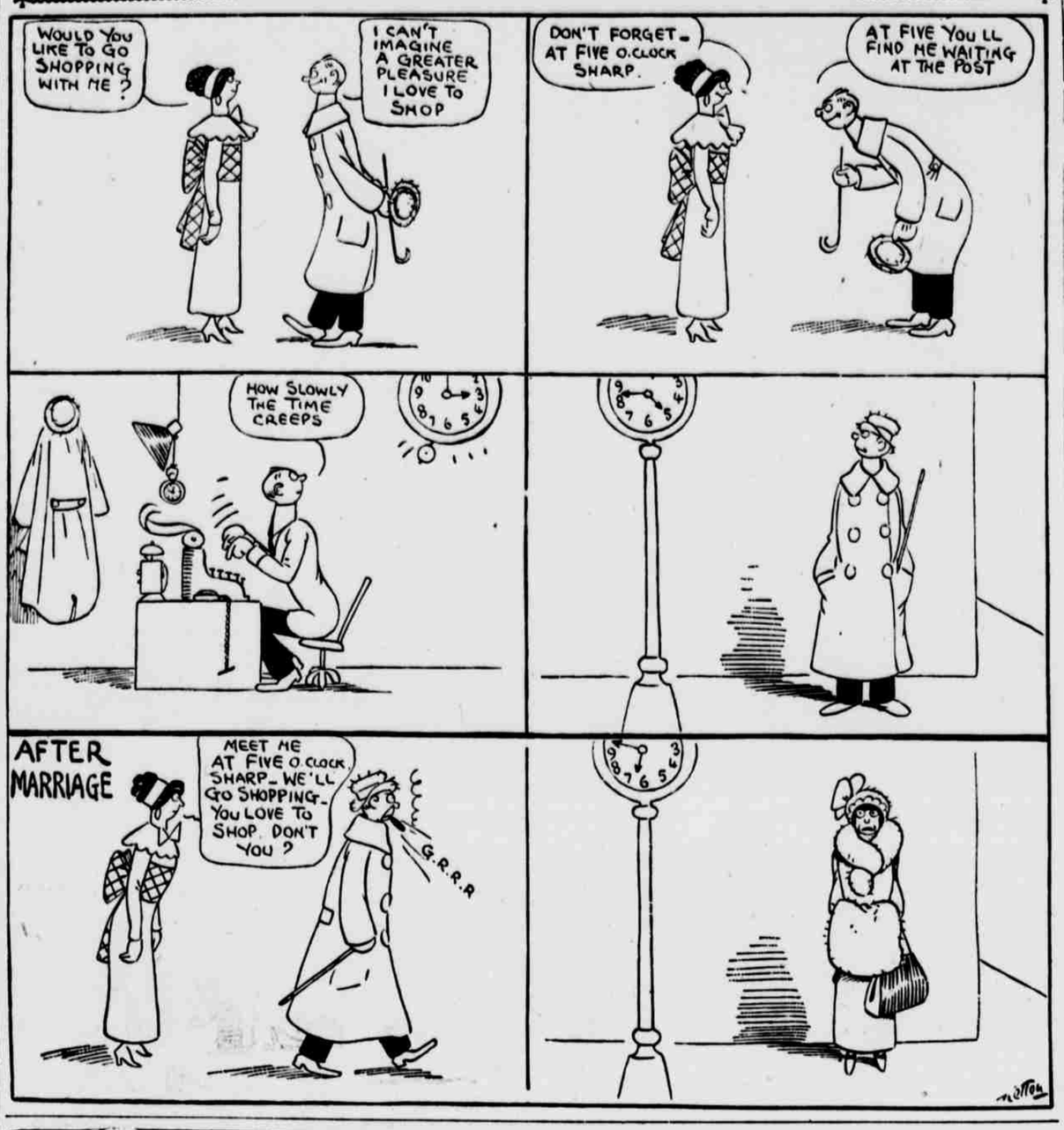
Letters from the People

No, He Is a Citizen.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is it necessary for the son of foreign born parents to take out any papers in order to become an American citizen, having been born here and living here all his life? The father never took out any papers whatever, but remained in this country for some time. A. S.

Such Is Life.
By Maurice Ketten.



The Jarr Family
By Roy L. McCardell.

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GRANDMA'S house in Brooklyn has a yard in the rear. It was one of half a hundred frame houses on the street. As the dear old lady came limping from the corner, still driving Master Jarr ahead of her, while little Emma Jarr minced and strutted that all Brooklyn might behold the glory of her apparel, the windows of the houses along the way assumed a most curious aspect.

It was as though they had suddenly been fitted with small circular inserts. A Brooklynite would have known that these were opera and field glasses being pressed to the window panes. Very little happens on a Brooklyn residence street; and nothing happens without being minutely observed.

At all the neighborhood Five Hundred and eke progressive euchre meets at which the Jarr children's grandma was not present, within the next few days, it was not decided whether Mrs. Jarr had simply left her husband or her husband had left her. But is was undisputed that there had been a marital reaction that had resulted in the children being brought to Brooklyn.

The Brooklyn mind cannot grasp a voluntary residence in Brooklyn of a once-New Yorker, young or old, save under the stress of some great business or domestic tragedy.

"Get the key from under the door mat, and don't let that cat dart in the house!" commanded grandma. "You've got me so lame I can't stoop. You knew which was my sore foot. You saw where you were stepping! And if you deliberately stepped on my poor bunion once you did it a dozen times!"

Master Jarr carefully repressed a grin, and, finding the key, opened the door.

"Now, you children can go and play in the back yard!" continued the peevish old lady. "I'll get myself a cup of tea. Don't you dare touch a thing while you are in this house! There is nothing you can hurt in the yard."

The children went into the back yard, where on either side of a walk the old-fashioned flowers lay sere and frost-bitten.

Their advent in the yard was followed by a patter of juvenile feet on the walks of the yards on either side, and the Jarr children were soon aware that at every knothole in the fences there was an observant childish eye.

Miss Jarr opened her little silk parasol and strutted up and down the walk like a true damsel of Manhattan, giving the provincials of Brooklyn a full view of what was real New York style and class in clothes. Her whole air indicated an assumption of calm superiority, as though it said: "Of course you can never be like us but try to be as like us as you can!"

Meanwhile, Master Jarr, only regretting that he could work but one side of the fence, because the other line of eyes must observe him, ducked along down the right-hand side poking an active finger through each knothole he came to and into each young Brooklyn eye that backed it.

Childish screams greeted this cheerful performance on Master Jarr's part, and when the Brooklyn children on the opposite line of fence climbed up to see more, the active New Yorker was ready with handfuls of stinging gravel to cut their countenances with.

The next instant both lines of fences were surmounted by indignant mothers, with whom, doubtless, Mrs. Jarr's mother herself was none too popular, and following this that old lady herself was at her back door shrieking her personal opinions, which were not at all flattering, of those in the immediate vicinity.

This episode could not be carried to its usual conclusion however. What use to tell husbands, when they came home, of the injury and insults of the day, when Mrs. Jarr's mother had no husband of her own to be drawn into combat royal or to the magistrate's court?

"Come on in the house, children!" cried their grandmother finally. "As you live in an aristocratic portion of New York you are not used to the vulgar actions of common people!"

"Who cheats at euchre? Who cheats at euchre?" chorused several voices.

"You all do!" answered the Jarr children's grandma shrilly.

This was a facer and, in the hush that followed, grandma and the junior auxiliary corps retired in good order.

"It's enough to make one forget one's Christian duty," said the old lady devoutly, as the children came into the house with her. "You see, my dears, they are so envious because my daughter, your mamma, married a New York millionaire, your father, that they cannot restrain their hatreds. The day your mother called on me in her friend's automobile I felt so glad that it was the policeman's day on our street, for they would have destroyed that automobile, thinking it your papa's, in their envious rage."

"Papa isn't a millionaire," said truthful Willie.

"He lives in New York, doesn't he?" snapped the old lady. "It's the same thing in the minds of some folks!"

Does Your Job Match Your Eyes?

DO YOUR eyes match your job? It isn't a joke. Eugenists—(people who are trying experiments and making queer investigations with the idea of creating a perfect race of men)—have started the question.

Heretofore, when a man set out to be a stenographer, a clerk, a lawyer or a strike breaker, he did not look in the mirror and then consult a neat little chart to see whether he had the color of eyes that would insure success in the profession he had chosen.

If his eyes were blue and if he found that color went with some other line of business than the one he had picked out, he did not change his plans accordingly.

But the eugenically regulated Man of the Future may do just that.

Of course, black eyes are often found among pugilists, strike breakers and other men who take up hectic professions. And ever since the days of James Fenimore Cooper, we have been told that the cold gray eye is prevalent among marksmen. But, until lately, the task of "matching" has gone no further.

At present, however, the eugenists are struggling with the problem of whether eye-color is not associated with chemical differences influencing the character of the individual, says the Scrap Book. It has been pointed out that in the National Portrait Gallery in London the pictures of celebrated men and women are largely grouped according to the vocations in which they have won fame, and that there is a tendency for a given type of eye-color to predominate in some of the larger groups.

For example, it is rare to find anything but blue eyes among the soldiers and sailors, while among the actors, preachers, and orators the dark eye is predominant, although for the population as a whole it is far scarcer than the light.

Is there not here a suggestion that future generations—perhaps even our own generation—may discover an intimate connection between eye-color and mental characteristics?

In regard to eye-color, the result of an analysis of pedigree data showed that blue eye-color is recessive to brown. Brown being the dominant color, a brown-eyed parent and a blue-eyed parent will have only brown-eyed children if the father and mother of the brown-eyed parent had brown eyes. Otherwise, the children may have eyes of various colors.

The analysis showed that two blue-eyed parents will have only blue-eyed children. Two gray-eyed parents will have only blue-eyed and gray-eyed children. Brown-eyed parents may have children with eyes of any of the usual colors.

A gray-eyed parent and a blue-eyed parent will tend to have only gray-eyed children, or an equal number of gray-eyed and blue-eyed children, according to whether the gray-eyed parent is homozygous or heterozygous.

As the science of eugenics is so new, a good many readers may not know the meaning of these two words, homozygous and heterozygous. Any living thing derived from like germ-cells is homozygous, and if derived from germ-cells of opposite character is heterozygous. For example, the child of a blue-eyed parent and a brown-eyed parent is heterozygous in respect to eye-color. The child of two blue-eyed parents is homozygous in that respect.

In case one parent has gray eyes and the other brown, the analysis showed that the following results may be expected in the offspring:

If the brown-eyed parent is homozygous, all of the children brown-eyed; if the brown-eyed parent is heterozygous in gray or blue, 50 per cent. of the children gray-eyed and 50 per cent. brown-eyed; if the eyes of both parents contain recessive blue germ-cells, 25 per cent. of the children blue-eyed, 25 per cent. gray-eyed, 50 per cent. brown-eyed.

His Cause for Thanks.

"What have you got to be thankful for this Thanksgiving?"

"That my doctor put me on a vegetable diet just before turkeys went up to 35 cents a pound."

Great Moments IN WAR
Told by Living Generals
By Philip R. Dillon

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Gen. A. G. Greely at Antietam.

THE first enlisted volunteer of the civil war to reach the rank of a general officer in the United States Army was Adolphus Washington Greely, who marched away from his home in Newburyport, Mass., with the Nineteenth Massachusetts Infantry in 1861 when he was seventeen years old, a private soldier. He became a captain and brevet major in the regiment. He remained in the regular army after the war, devoting himself to the signal service.

In 1881 he was selected by President Garfield to command the International Polar Expedition to Lady Franklin Bay. He sailed in the ship Proteus in the summer of 1881 with twenty-four companions. In May, 1882, he penetrated along the east coast of Greenland to 83 degrees and 24 minutes north—then the farthest point north reached by any explorer.

The Proteus was crushed by the ice and sank. After two years, when two relief ships sent by the Government failed him and his men, the Greely party made their third winter encampment at Cape Sabine, with food for two months. Sixteen died of starvation, one was drowned and one was shot for stealing food from the Commissary Department. And then, in June, 1884, the third relief expedition, commanded by the late Admiral Schley, found the seven survivors and brought them home. Honors were showered upon the brave Greely and his men by all civilized nations.

In 1887 he was promoted to chief signal officer of the United States Army and commissioned brigadier-general. In 1906 he was made major-general. He reached the age limit in 1908 and retired. Last summer he represented the United States Army at the coronation of King George.

A distinguished-appearing man, with a splendid physique, showing robust activity, the visitor marvels to see him thus, at the age of sixty-seven years, after a lifetime of extraordinary service. Across the half century, beyond the terrible struggle against death in the Arctic ice, his memory went back to the beginning of his career.

"I regard the battle of Antietam the greatest single day's battle of the civil war because of its death roll, and its military and political consequences," he told me last week in his home in Washington.

"My regiment, the Nineteenth Massachusetts, was in camp not far from Burnside Bridge. We breakfasted just after dawn of Sept. 17, 1862, and moved at early daylight with the rest of Gen. Sedgewick's division which was part of Gen. Sumner's corps. We circled to the right of our army and moved on the enemy near Dunker's Church.

"For some reason, unknown to me—for I was a corporal in Company B—the corps moved forward by single division front, that is to say, the front line was composed of a division followed at an interval of perhaps 200 yards by a second line of division front in which line my regiment moved. I understood that the third division followed in like manner.

"When the first line struck the Confederate force our second and third lines were ordered to lie down, owing to the fact that we were under fire and unable to reply as our own men were in front of us.

"I happened to be lying on top of the highest little hillock and from that point discovered the advance of the Confederate command which, a few minutes later, broke through our first line. I gave this information to my captain to be sent to the commanding general. Our lines were broken through and my regiment, changing front to rear on the first command, served as a rallying point for hundreds of men from other commands, for which action it was mentioned with a commendation in the report of the battle.

"During this change of front I was twice wounded, once in the left thigh, and again in the head, suffering loss of teeth and a fracture of my jawbone. The ball came in my mouth; I saved it and kept it for many years.

"Now comes the thing of especial interest. Retiring under heavy fire and barely escaping capture, I finally reached a field hospital, where I had my wounds dressed after considerable delay. Now, the experience of that day which most vividly remains in my mind was not the battle, nor my wounds, but the demeanor and courage of a young Confederate, a Georgian, clothed completely in butternut, who, with three wounds, was likewise awaiting treatment, which was given him by the surgeon, for he was the first comer.

"He was a boy of about fifteen years, and during the painful and dangerous surgical operations conducted himself with the same quiet composure that would have marked his manner at his home fireside or at church. Watching him there, I considered myself a real grown-up man, for I was eighteen years old.

"And I remember thinking as I looked at this scrap of a Southern boy that we had underestimated the difficulties of the war and the possibilities of its speedy termination, when a child of this age appeared in the Confederate ranks.

"Perhaps the most amazing thing in all that great war was the youth of the soldiers on both sides, many thousands of them hardly more than children!"

(In the article, "Gen. James H. Wilson at Selma," printed last week, the statement appeared that Gen. Wilson had "2,000 men in his command at the battle of Selma, the figure "2" was a typographical error. Gen. Wilson stated that he had 9,000 men.)

Fables of Everyday Folks
By Sophie Irene Loeb

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The "Dizzie-Dazzle" Woman.

ONCE upon a time there was a woman who wanted to dazzle. She craved the limelight. She wanted to be a REAL SHINE and fond forth SPARKLES.

SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

There are several kinds of shines. Real sunshine and the kind that soars that way. Hers was of the uppish variety. She wanted the moon. It was the result of the disease—MONEYITIS.

Thus she started to cast her little rays. The first requisite in the shine business is to throw filthy lucre AWAY.

So she began. On account of this, she qualified for the ring of the ENTERTAINING game. It is a GREAT game.

The days were filled with SCHEMES—to not only shine but OUTSHINE. Educated monkeys were brought forth for the spectator and Darwin proved his theory. The highest priced SHIMMERING songbird warbled her lay and afterward closed her lily-white hand over the greenbacks that led her across the water.

The most indigestible GLEAMING contrivance was found on her GLISTENING board. The latest STAR in the twinkling firmanent of actor-land was in the foreground of her stage setting.

All was GLITTER amid gibble-gubble-gobble-git. Curiosity seekers thronged her portals, ate her food, REVELLED in her shine parties and went away with, "What a BRILLIANT party!" expression.

"Ah," thought she, "am I not a sparkler? How Mrs. Brass across the street must ENVY me!"

Then she took on AIRS.

When people take on airs it usually means one or two things. It is either compressed air or HOT AIR. Either they have TEMPERAMENT (whatever that is) or they are POSERS. The shine woman wasn't born irritable enough for "temperament," therefore she posed.

In order to pose, one must belong to a bridge club, a poker club, a philanthropic club, a suffrage association, &c.

So that through peculiar squirmings this glow-worm woman began her apprenticeship. Heavens! Wasn't she GRAND?

She spoke of Mary Smuey, her chum of ye olden day, with whom she went to school before the sparkling process set in, as "really quite out of her class and belonging to the common people."

Mary, by the way, was in the seething centre of things, side by side with LIVE SOULS and accumulating the only POLISH that won't come off, because it covers the unpretentious ROUGH DIAMOND.

But how could the shine woman know that? So she surged on in the seething slush. During the posing stage the money gobblers were her chief counsellors and ADVISERS.

One told her she was BEAUTIFUL, that she had marvellous LITERARY talents. And another that she had a Melba VOICE. She drank it all in and marvelled how WONDERFUL she was. She sought only the things that would advance her seeming radiance, a ray HIGHER.

The cry of the real earth-people was lost in her jewel bedecked ear. Little children were swept aside as SHE passed by.

She become hard, cold, IMPASSIVE. To shine or not to shine brighter than her neighbor—ah, THAT was the question, indeed!

But one fashionable Thursday she awoke to find that ANOTHER sun had arisen in the camp. For you know the shine people are only campers. When the torrents descend they must fold their tents like the Arab and silently steal away—but not without a STRUGGLE.

So, to make a long story short, a lightning BATTLE ensued and the survival of the fittest was designated by the one who could shine the BRIGHTER. So our shine lady came to realize that "to the victor belong the COILS."

At last she realized she was but a firefly—a firefly that just can get up enough power to send forth a little sparkle now and then, but who has, any one will tell you, no REAL HEAT.

She saw that real suns shine only because they CANNOT HELP IT. They give forth WARMTH, for their innate forces are LIFE GIVING.

They ATTRACT without effort; and all radiates to THEM because they are REAL! They send out rays of joy, laughter and love to warm into glow the LIVES about them.

MORAL: EVEN A GLOW-WORM WILL TURN.

Vanishing Sables.

KILLING sables in Russia, in entire disregard of future supplies, has resulted in a steady decline in the catch, and in some districts has nearly effected the extermination of these valuable fur bearers. The matter has been taken up by the authorities, and no sables will be permitted to be caught during the present season, and the matter of making an absolutely closed period of three years is to be considered without delay.